

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



STARTING FROM OXFORD.

WITHOUT INTENDING IT;

OR, JOHN TINCROFT, BACHELOR AND BENEDICT.

BY G. E. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "THE CITY ARAB," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—MANY YEARS AGO.

So many years ago that those who are old now were young then, and so few years ago that deeds then transacted are fresh in the memory of many who are living now, John Tincroft, an undergraduate of

Oxford, was invited to spend the long vacation with a college friend.

And the invitation came very opportunely, John thought. For one reason, he had no home of his own. His parents had been long dead, and a distant relative—a London merchant—who had charge of his orphanhood was not particularly, certainly not passionately, fond of him. This gentleman took care to explain, however, to all whom it might concern, that he had always done his duty towards

the lad. But, as regards this duty, whatever else it might include, it possibly had not occurred to Mr. Rackstraw that the providing a happy home should have formed a component part of it.

In the next place, John Tineroft was comparatively poor, and he was becoming poorer. His patrimony, a small one at first, had been wofully diminished by his three years' term-keeping, and still more so by carrying on a Chancery suit; that is, by paying his lawyer to carry it on for him. He was not in debt, however, which was something in his favour—or perhaps in his disfavour with college tradesmen; but he was much nearer the bottom of his purse than he cared to be, when the offer of a three months' residence in a hospitable home was placed before him. He had only one or two more terms to keep, and he wisely thought that he could not employ this last long vacation better than in reading with young Grigson (if he would be read with) as was proposed. So the invitation was accepted.

In another year, Tineroft would be far away from England. He was going to India in the Civil Service. This much his guardian, who had no sons of his own to step into the appointment, had done for him, without much cost or trouble to himself. "It will be the making of you if you mind what you are about, John," said Mr. Rackstraw; "and as to that plaguy Chancery suit and the Tineroft estate, it isn't worth your while staying in England to be the winner—or the loser, which is the more likely of the two." He did not add audibly, "And I shall be well rid of you into the bargain," though probably he thought it within himself. John Tineroft, however, did not know this, and as he coincided with his guardian in the desirableness of the scheme, he had already commenced making preparations in a small way for his expatriation, as well as for his future duties. That is, he had plunged head foremost into certain Oriental histories, under a misty idea that they would be useful to him when he got to Calcutta. For these studies his three months' seclusion in a quiet country residence offered evident facilities. So, as I said before, the invitation was accepted.

John Tineroft, though an Oxford "gownsmen," was a shy and awkward youth, of about two or three and twenty. He had never had the advantage of society—of female society, of course is meant; and this deprivation had been hurtful; for it had made almost a misanthrope of him. In this respect, however, he had been the victim of circumstances. His mother he had never known: he had no sister nor aunt nor fair cousin to initiate him into the mysteries of easy intercourse with his species. His school breeding, and, after that, his college training, together with his guardian's want of sympathy, had had the further effect of monasticising his young life. And this effect, which had grown into a habit, had been intensified by his narrow circumstances. Everybody knew that John Tineroft was under the cloud of straitened means, and who does not know, or cannot understand, how this evil reputation (according to worldly maxims) inexorably closes one door after another against those who lie under it? Tineroft, at any rate, had felt it keenly; and it had increased his natural shyness.

The isolation of which we have spoken had favoured him in one respect, however: it had made a hard student of him, which, perhaps, he might not otherwise have been. For, to tell the truth, John

Tineroft was not over-bright, though, under the circumstances, which otherwise were in his disfavour, he had thus far, and almost to the end, passed through his college course creditably.

More than this, he had happened to be of some use to Tom Grigson, the hospitalities of whose home he was about to experience. How the young freshman in his first term managed to get into trouble with the authorities of the university, and how the older and remarkably quiet fellow-collegian was accidentally, but fortunately, able to help him out of it; how the two thereafter formed a kind of friendly acquaintance; how Tineroft aided Grigson in his attempts at scaling some of the lower heights of Parnassus; how, in return, the younger occasionally enticed the elder to the minor dissipations of a boating trip to Nuneham, a scamper to Woodstock on hired hacks, a stroll to Wytham strawberry gardens—(are they there still, I wonder?)—or a cricket-match on Bullenden Green, must be left to another pen or another time. Once, I grieve to say, the volatile Tom induced the sober John to a surreptitious badger-draw in Bagley Wood, where they had "capital sport," as Tom averred; and on another occasion, but this is a secret, the two started off, under shelter of a winter evening, to the neighbouring town of Abingdon to witness the *débat* of a young actress at a temporary theatre there, the severe morality of Oxford forbidding stage-plays within the precincts of the sacred university town; and once, only once, the recluse was entrapped by his tempter into the revelries of a wine-party—once was enough, for as the due punishment of his sin, poor Tineroft had a splitting headache which lasted him three days. All this must remain untold.

To compensate for these occasional outbreaks, it is only fair to say that the influence of the steadier gownsmen was often exerted in keeping his more mercurial friend from mischief, and in prompting him to a decent attention to his studies. An assurance of this fact from Tom Grigson himself had been the procuring cause of invitation to Grigson Manor House, which was presided over by the head of the family—Tom's elder brother.

CHAPTER II.—AT LIBERTY HALL.

PORTMANTEAUS, trunks, boxes, and carpet bags were heaped on the roof of the "Tally-ho." There was a huge mountain of them, for a dozen or two gownsmen were "going down" that day on this particular coach, and dozens more would follow on the morrow, and more morrows after that. And so with all other coaches going out of the university city on those days and every succeeding day till the old colleges were empty.

From the Angel, up the High Street, by Carfax, along the New Road, over the Botley bridges, on and on the coach rattled merrily, with John Tineroft and Tom Grigson among its passengers. It was early morning when they started from Oxford; evening was drawing on when they were safely deposited with their luggage at the town on the old coach road nearest to their destination. There the dog-cart from the Manor House received them, and in another hour they were safely landed, had performed their ablutions, changed their dusty travelling attire, and were doing justice to the late dinner specially prepared for their benefit.

The shy, awkward gownsmen had no reason to

complain of his reception. His host was a bluff, good-natured bachelor, older than his brother Tom by a dozen years or more. He prided himself on being a country gentleman of the good old school, without any nonsense about him (which, however, generally implies a good deal of that commodity); and the hearty welcome he gave to the invited guest was none the less agreeable, perhaps, for being rough and homely as well as sincere.

"You'll have to take us as we are," said Mr. Richard Grigson: "all I can say is that this is Liberty Hall."

And so it *was* Liberty Hall. It was a pleasant change for John Tincroft, who, as we have said, had never known what it was to have a comfortable home of his own. The Manor House was a large, rambling old place, something between a mansion and a farmhouse, with plenty of rooms in it, well furnished with old-fashioned furniture. There was one room with a cheerful aspect, overlooking a pretty flower-garden, and bookcases lining its walls: it was the library of the old house. Tincroft sat there from day to day—one hour with Tom Grigson reading, and as many hours as he pleased by himself, studying for his vocation in the East, till he almost forgot that he was "under a cloud."

Richard Grigson was a good specimen of his class, and a good match for his house. He was half farmer, half idler. He was rich, so he had no need to work; was strong in constitution and active in habits, so he was a sportsman. He shot in shooting season, hunted in hunting season, and thought it a waste of time to read much beyond the daily and weekly papers and a sporting magazine. Add to this that Richard Grigson was reckoned a fair sort of landlord by his numerous tenants—small farmers mostly—so long as they paid their rents with tolerable punctuality, and all has been said that need be by way of introducing one who will have not much hereafter to do in our life drama.

As to Tom Grigson, the collegian, he would very well have liked to be as idle and active as his brother; but the fates were against him, as he would have said. He was a younger brother, with only a younger brother's portion—a very small one; and needs must that he would have to work for his living, in some respectable and gentlemanly way, of course, but still to work. So he had consented to go to college, to learn how to do it, or how not to do it, as the case might be.

To tell the truth, Tom was not much more studiously inclined than his elder brother. At any rate, he did not see the fun of poring over books in vacation time, when he could be on horseback half the day, and lounging the other half of it to his heart's content. Very soon, therefore, John Tincroft had the library to himself, and worked away with his Oriental studies.

"This will never do, Tincroft," said his host to him, one day, two or three weeks after his arrival; "you are positively wearing yourself to skin and bone with your books and all the rest of it."

"Am I?" said John, glancing nervously at his nether extremities, and feeling his arm above the elbow. "No, I don't think I am, though," he added, in so serious a tone that his friend laughed.

"I didn't mean to alarm you, old fellow; and now I look at you again, you have some muscle left, though none too much. But come, you must follow Tom's example—the idle scamp—and lay aside your

books for awhile. They'll wait for you: they won't run away from you, I'll warrant."

"But I shall have to run away from them soon," returned John, gravely.

"So much the better, for anything I can see to the contrary. A jolly time you will have of it when you get out to India; tiger hunting, elephant riding, and all that sort of thing. Do you know, I half envy you?"

"You forget fever and sunstroke and snakes, and all that sort of thing," retorted the guest. "And even the tigers you speak of, supposing such a thing as a tiger hunt for me, which isn't likely,—but even they have claws and teeth."

"I must give up India, then," said Grigson; "but seriously, friend, your shutting yourself up in this room all day"—they were in the library—"when you might be enjoying yourself out and about, is good neither for body nor mind."

"I must work, you know, Mr. Grigson," returned John.

"No doubt: so must we all, I suppose. But that doesn't mean that we are never to do anything else. 'All work and no play,' you know, 'makes Jack a—' I beg your pardon, though; I didn't mean that you are 'a dull boy,' though you are Jack. But come, you must shut up for once. We are going to drive over to the Mumbles. I have some business to do with Elliston; and Tom wants to introduce you to the ladies there—Jane and Kitty. By the way, if you could get hold of one of them, Tincroft, you might burn your books and stop in England. And why shouldn't you?"

"I shall never marry. I have no vocation that way. If I were independent I might—but what's the use of talking? No, thank you, Grigson, I would rather be excused the Mumbles."

"You must do something of the sort, or where is the use of having a holiday? By the way, next week, Tuesday, we have our summer picnic; all the tenants that like to come, and their families; wives, daughters, sons, lovers, and all the rest of that sort of thing. You'll join us there, at any rate?"

"What do you mean? I mean, what do you do? Where do you go?" John Tincroft asked dreamily.

"Oh, as to the going, we shan't have to go far. They come to us. We have tables and forms out on the lawn; and there's eating and drinking, you may make sure of that; and after that—but you'll see enough of it before it is over. And you must put your books away for that day, at any rate."

"Are your tenants a very noisy set?" asked quiet John.

"Oh, they are not as still as mice, and they don't roar quite so loud as lions. They are a decent set altogether; and with two Oxford men to keep them in order, we shall do. It will be something to amuse you, I dare say."

"I am afraid not," said John, wearily; "but I suppose I must do what you bid me."

"Of course you must," said Richard Grigson.

CHAPTER III.—THE LOVERS' WALK.

LEAVING Tincroft for the present to the hospitalities of the Manor House, we introduce two other actors in our domestic drama. The time is evening; the place, an old-fashioned garden; the date, a year or thereabouts before that of our previous chapter, for

necessity is laid upon us to take a retrograde step or two before fairly starting off in our history.

There was a shaded walk in the garden just referred to, which, from time immemorial, had been known as "the lovers' walk." True to this designation, the grass-path was, on the evening of a summer's day, trodden by two lovers, who paced up and down it side by side.

"I don't like this going away from you, Sarah dear, any better than you like it yourself," he said, in a tone half-sorrowful, half-remonstrative.

"What occasion is there for your going away then, Walter?"

She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of eighteen who asked this question. Her eyes were filled with tears as she looked up into her lover's face. It was hard to withstand such a pleading look—so Walter doubtless felt.

"You know the reason why, Sarah," he replied, tremulously; "I have told you, over and over again, that father says there are too many of us at home, eating up all the profits of his small farm, and that one of us boys ought to be getting on at something else and earning a living for himself."

"I know all that, Walter; but there is no occasion for you to be the one. You are the oldest, and ought to be at home. And we going to be married, too; and that will have to be put off—with such a home as you know I have got! Oh, Walter, Walter! it does not seem as if you loved me much." Saying this, the now weeping girl threw herself on a rustic seat and sobbed sadly.

What could the lover do but seat himself close by her side and speak soothing words, comforting words, encouraging words, very gently, very lovingly?

But she would not hear him.

"I know why it is; you want to be rid of me now you know that there's nothing to be got by me—that father has no money, and can't pay back what your father lent him, and it's all an excuse your going away to make more room for the rest. Why couldn't George go if somebody must—or Alfred, or James?"

"Sarah, you don't mean what you say—you can't mean what you say."

The words were spoken very gravely, we may be sure, yet not sternly. Walter Wilson was a commonplace man enough—a rough formerly young man, without much education; but he was tender-hearted and true-hearted, and his love for his cousin was strong. For they were cousins, these two, as well as lovers—the children of two brothers. Matthew Wilson (Walter's father) and Mark Wilson (Sarah's father) were both farmers in a small way, but they were widely different in character, different also in regard to their home surroundings. Matthew, for instance, had a large family; Mark had but one child, the Sarah of our narrative. Matthew was hard-working and sober; Mark was idle and dissipated. In spite of his large family Matthew had prospered, while Mark—who, by the way, had the better farm of the two—had managed to go down in the world, sinking lower and lower, as time went on, into debt and despondency. So it came to pass that, in one particular strait, and with promises of stricter attention to business in future, Mark had been saved from absolute or immediate ruin by the generosity and confidence of his brother, who placed nearly the whole of his hard-earned savings in Mark's hands, and lost them.

Matthew had a hearty affection for his brother,

but he liked money too; and it was not in human nature—at least, it was not in his nature—to be indifferent to the loss of the four or five hundred pounds which he had lent to Mark when the certainty came home to him that they were lost. In his first paroxysm of vexation he vowed that, brother or no brother, Mark Wilson should smart for his treachery; and, though he soon cooled down in these thoughts of vengeance, he declared that neither he nor his family should hold any further intercourse with the man who had stripped him of almost every ready-money pound he could call his own.

This, however, was easier said than done. Matthew's eldest son, Walter, was not only in love with, but had been sometime affianced to, his (Walter's) pretty cousin, Mark's daughter; and that with the mutual consent and liking of the parents on either side. And Walter, at any rate, had no thought of visiting the sins of the father upon the innocent girl, and—himself. He even clung with the greater fondness to poor Sarah, who could not be held accountable for her father's misconduct and consequent misfortunes. Matthew himself acknowledged this; but inwardly determined, if possible, to sever the only remaining link between his unlucky brother and himself; and probably thinking, not unwisely, that such a connexion would be a drag to Walter in after life, he insisted that his own altered circumstances made it necessary that his eldest son should leave home. He did this trusting to the probable chances that absence would, in some way or other, effect the separation which he had no power to compass by absolute authority. But he had a fair reason also for this determination. Walter, of all his sons, was the most fitted to push his way in the world. And, added to this, an old schoolfellow and friend had made overtures to him to join him in a distant part of the north country, where he himself was established as a land surveyor.

These explanations given, we return to the two disconsolate lovers.

They were again pacing the shady walk, sorrowful enough; but Sarah's complaining mood had disappeared for the time, and she was listening to the hopeful pleadings of her lover. What lover is not hopeful? Can love be without hope?

"It won't be long, darling. Two years will soon pass away, and then I am to have a share in Ralph's business. We shall be sure to get on, for Ralph is a capital fellow, and so clever; and I—well, I can work, *you* know; and with you, Sarah, to brighten up my prospects, I'll work like a slave, and think nothing of it."

"Dear Walter."

"The worst of it is I shall be so far away that it won't be possible for us to see each other till the two years are gone; but you won't forget me, love?"

"Forget you? Oh, Walter!"

"I know you won't: you are such a darling, you know, to remember. And then, when the two years are past and gone—"

"It is a long time to look forward to, Walter," sighed the young lady. "I shall be quite an old woman by that time."

"An old woman of twenty! What shall I be then? But we won't make a trouble of that: only say that you'll try to keep up a good heart. Courage, my pet, and all will turn out well in the end. And as to this move, I don't know that it isn't the best thing that could have happened. Farming isn't much

without plenty of money to carry it on; and if a fellow like me hasn't got money, his knowing how to work on a farm doesn't help him much. He is nothing better than a day-labourer. So, Sarah dear, give me a kiss, and say 'tis all right."

And so the lovers parted that evening. The next morning, Walter was travelling far away—every mile widening the distance between him and all that his heart held dear.

CHAPTER IV.—SARAH'S TRIALS.

WALTER WILSON was not a hero exactly; but he had some good stuff in him, for all that. He was, at any rate, sturdy, honest, persevering, and affectionate. All that is necessary to say for him in this chapter, however, is that he reached his destination in due course, joined his friend Ralph, and entered with a good deal of energy on his new line of life. Here, for the present, we leave him.

Poor Sarah, his cousin and affianced wife, had a more trying ordeal to pass through. Her home was not a happy one. Her father was now as often in liquor as sober, and, in whichever state, he was dissatisfied and quarrelsome. Her mother had never been very managing as a farmer's wife, and what qualifications she once possessed had long since been abandoned. The cloud that hung over her household was so dark and threatening that she could see no light breaking through it, and she had become hopeless. Worse than this, the habit which had ruined the husband in health and circumstances was insensibly gaining ground upon the wife. She drank secretly, and was for days together incapable of conducting her family affairs. Then, waking up to a sense of her degradation, she made feeble and unsuccessful efforts to "set things to-rights."

This was bad enough for the daughter, who had neither strength of body nor mental capacity to cope with surrounding difficulties; and who, now that Walter was gone, had no one to encourage or comfort her. For she was at feud with Walter's family. Her Uncle Matthew looked coldly upon her; her aunt treated her as if she were a puppet or a doll—so she said—when they met, which was not very often, but it sometimes could not be avoided; for Mrs. Matthew now and then looked in to see how Mr. and Mrs. Mark were getting on, and to report at home what she saw and heard: and these reports served only to widen the breach between the two brothers and their households. As to her cousins, George, Alfred, and James, they plainly made it to be understood that they considered their brother Walter a fool for tying himself up to "a helpless bit of goods" like Sarah, though she was his cousin and theirs. And they were naturally enough bitter against their uncle Mark for having made off with so much of their father's cash.

All this was hard upon Sarah. Of course, if she had been made of the stuff of which heroines are supposed to be formed, she would have risen above all discouragements. But she was not a heroine. She was merely a farmer's daughter, poorly educated, but fond and, we must add, feeble also, with no particularly vivid apprehension of the sterner duties of life, and with no very strong principle to help her on in a course of self-denial and self-sacrifice, should this be needed. She knew, however, or thought, that she loved Walter, and she had full faith in his fidelity.

One of Sarah's greatest trials was in the unkind-

ness of her cousin Elizabeth, Walter's sister. With only a year difference in their ages, the two girls had been very close and intimate companions from childhood; and till within a year or two of the date of our history, their friendship had been unbroken, and it was Elizabeth who had been, first of all, the secret prompter of the engagement between the cousins, and then the private go-between of the two lovers until that engagement was ratified by the higher powers. Now, however, all old associations were severed; and Elizabeth, as Sarah well knew, had employed all her skill, though unsuccessfully as yet, to induce her brother Walter to break off the match which she prophesied would be an unhappy one.

Thus completely alienated from her former friends, and more sinned against than sinning, with an unhappy home, and more required of her in domestic duties than she had power to accomplish, poor Sarah Wilson would have given way to utter hopelessness but for the bright vision of Walter and the happy home—in *nubibus*; where we must leave her, while we take up the former thread of our drama.

A MIDLAND TOUR.

I.—BIRMINGHAM.

I PROPOSE to give an account of a Tour which lately occupied my annual holiday. Though short and inexpensive, it was of very varied character, affording grand spectacles of human industry, charming views of nature, glimpses of historic scenes, and of places famous in legend and in song; peeps into old churches, lordly castles, deep mines, poetic shades, venerable ruins, homes and haunts of the great and good; and, moreover, personal talk and acquaintance with remarkable men, sons of labour and of genius, whose names have everywhere been heard of, and whom any might be proud to know.

The region of my tour was the very heart of England. As the animal heart is the centre of the vital force, which there throbs and gives life to the whole system, so our Midland Counties seem the centre of our industrial energies, which thence send out their vivifying and fertilising streams to every part of England—nay, to every part also of her world-wide empire. Beneath the soil in that central district, vast treasures have been deposited by the providence of God for the use and benefit of man—treasures of Iron and Coal, the pillars of our country's greatness, the stay and strength of Old England; the first, the progenitor of civilisation, art, and commerce; the second, the parent of mechanical force or "power." With these Limestone is associated, and the country formerly abounded with Wood. Hence many great towns have grown up in that quarter, and the capital of them all—Birmingham. Its name is said to be spelt in a hundred and forty ways. It is the fourth town in the kingdom for population and commercial importance.

In Birmingham the steam-engine was first perfected; there, one of the first locomotives ran; it is the very focus of English railways, from which lines radiate to every part of the country; and to Birmingham we went by rail direct. We will suppose ourselves arrived there. A vast arched roof of glass and iron, 1,100 feet long, 212 feet span, and 80 feet high, the most remarkable in the world, covers in four plat-

forms and ten lines of rail, once belonging to six different companies (which suggests the presence of great organising power and many and far-stretching relationships). It was there that the battle of the gauges was fought, or rather that the long campaign was prosecuted. Amid the roar and tumult of arriving and departing trains, the deafening clang of bells, the shouts of paper-boys, and the hurry and bustle of throngs of passengers and hundreds of porters and messengers, the stranger walks out from the New Street Station, and passing, on the one hand, the Royal Exchange—a noble edifice, most suitably placed—and on the other, the Birmingham and Midland Bank, finds himself in the very heart of Birmingham—a large, substantial, red-brick town, of no great architectural pretensions, though the principal street is good, and has many fine shops, and several lofty stone buildings immediately meet the eye. He sees opposite him, in the centre of the chief thoroughfare, a statue of Joseph Attwood, the father of political unions, which at once reminds the visitor that he is entering a place where popular opinion is strong and free, and yet is submissive to law and order. But everywhere there is an air of business. The population in 1871 was 345,000. It has increased of late years with wonderful rapidity. You look up the street, and your eye catches the lofty pillars of the Town Hall, “the most symmetrical and classical building in England.” A statue of Sir Robert Peel stands near it. Looking down the street, we see the Free Grammar School, a beautiful Gothic edifice, one of the finest of the kind in the country, and endowed with a grant of land which, originally worth only £20 a year, is now valued at £11,000 per annum. We turn, pass on, and presently reach the Town Hall. Its vast size becomes visible; an audience of ten thousand may assemble within it. Beside it stands the Midland Institute, the home of Literature and Science, where the one gathers the people for recreation, and the other instructs every workman who attends in the principles of his art.* Here the statue of James Watt, the genius of industry and perseverance, most fitly meets the eye. These tall chimneys—the Smoke Act is not much attended to in Birmingham—are those of great manufactories, in each of which hundreds of people are employed. But vast numbers do their work at home; and, could we unroof or unfront these houses, we should find the inhabitants as busy as bees in a hive. For a thousand kinds of work are done here—gold, silver, brass, copper, iron, tin, pewter, zinc, lead, nickel—all are wrought from the rough material into the many useful and beautiful forms required for the world’s consumption. With the kind aid of our manufacturing friends, and especially of Mr. Samuel Timmins, editor of the “Industrial History of Birmingham,” we have collected some information respecting these manufactures.

BRASS MANUFACTORIES.

“Birmingham,” says Hutton (the Birmingham historian), “began with the productions of the anvil.” (“By hammer and hand all arts do stand.”) From its earliest days to the time of Charles the Second, the chief manufacture of Birmingham was Iron, but a new era then commenced; and, though the iron trade has prodigiously expanded, Brass now takes the

lead here. The brass manufacture was begun in Birmingham about the reign of Elizabeth. Charles II introduced the fashion of wearing metal ornaments, as he had seen them worn in France, and Birmingham was then able to take the lead in their manufacture. The district has natural advantages for the manufacture of iron, but none for that of brass, neither copper nor zinc being found in it; and it is doubtless to the skill acquired by the townsfolk through long ages in the working of metals, for which they became everywhere famous, and which they inherited and handed down from generation to generation, that the establishment of that trade in this neighbourhood, by which it is now almost monopolised, is due. More than 20,000 tons of copper, and a similar quantity of old brass and other metals, are now annually consumed in Birmingham in this manufacture. And the trade is an ever enlarging one. The increase of population and commerce, the advance of science and taste, the growing love of display in our shops, of ornament in our public buildings, and of elegance and comfort in our homes, all have a direct bearing on the brass trade. It is impossible to enumerate the articles of brass which we see everywhere in familiar use. Brass decorates our houses without and within: brass name-plates, brass bell-pulls, brass door-handles, brass hat and coat hooks, brass stair-rods, brass cornice-poles and curtain rings, brass gaseliers, brass fireguards—from the kitchen to the garret, brass everywhere, often even to brass bedsteads, and sometimes brass bed-warmers. If we draw our chair to the fire, it probably moves on brass castors; if we write, our paper has received its finish from bright rolled brass plates; if we travel, our iron-horse wears a helmet of brass—nay, his very vitals are of brass also. Our philosophical instruments are often brass mounted; and in imperishable brass we hand down, as they of old, to posterity the names and virtues of our distinguished dead. Brass is much in demand, too, in our royal and mercantile navies. To say nothing of brass guns, metal bolts, sheathing, and tubes for steam-engines—and a set of boilers for one steamship requires from two to three thousand tubes, weighing somewhere about twenty-five tons—we have in our marine many small brass fittings. The varieties, too, of the several articles are endless. The stock of *ornamental* patterns alone in the rooms of the leading lamp, gas-fitting, and ornamental brass foundry manufacturers, is in many instances from £1,000 to £5,000 in value. The cost of a set of patterns for an ordinary gaselier is from £15 to £25; for one of a superior kind £50, and even more. One leading manufacturer has in his pattern book a *hundred and twenty* different patterns of hat and coat hooks.

A large quantity of brass is sent abroad from Birmingham. A great deal goes to India, much of which is consumed in making cups for distribution at Hindoo funerals, the relatives giving a cup to each Brahmin, so that from five to a thousand, sometimes as many as ten thousand, are distributed on such occasions. The brass wire of Birmingham is used on the Gold Coast as money; supplies of from five to twenty tons are sometimes sent out there. And African tribes delight in brass ornaments, which are often alluded to in books of travel. “The head lady of Sesheke,” says Livingstone, “wore eighteen solid brass rings on each leg, three of copper under each knee, nineteen brass rings on her left arm, and eight of brass

* The classes include chemistry, as applied to agriculture, the various manufactures, mechanics, metallurgy, mineralogy, geology, ventilation of mines, and mining engineering.

and copper on her right." Burton speaks of a tribe wearing brass ornaments of four and a half pounds each on their wrists. All this tells upon the trade of Birmingham. We find that one order received there for arm and ankle rings was for 20,000 dozens, weighing twenty-three and a half tons. Nay, this love of brass extends further. Two African kings ordered brass coffins from Birmingham. Each coffin weighed six hundred pounds, was polished, lacquered, and highly decorated—was provided with substantial handles, and had two padlocks outside, and two within. It was said that they were intended for the double purpose of devotional retirement (!) and burial; but it was understood that they were meant for treasure-chests. There are about two hundred and fifty brass manufacturers in Birmingham, and they employ about ten thousand workpeople. It is the Brass, as well as the Midland, Capital!

GUN-MAKING.

Gun-making is the next leading business in Birmingham, where it has been carried on for nearly two hundred years. So far back as 1812 and 1813 guns were produced there at the rate of one every minute, and that rate can now be exceeded when necessary. The manufacture is very much subdivided, occupying many distinct trades. Moreover, it has for some time been carried on by machinery, on the interchangeable principle (introduced from America), whereby any part of one gun will fit any other gun; a highly economic plan, like Robert's system of templates and gauges, by which every part of an engine or tender is made to fit every similar engine or tender; and like Maudslay's system of uniformity in other machinery, and Whitworth's plan of resemblance and gradations of size in all branches of the mechanical arts. All guns for the army are inspected at the Government View Rooms. These are now made by the Small Arms Company, an association of Birmingham gun manufacturers formed in 1864, who make also for foreign governments, and have a large establishment at Small Heath, near Birmingham. The several parts are first examined separately, and accurately gauged; they are then returned to the gunmaker, who proceeds to set them up. At every stage of this process the guns are taken for examination to the View Rooms, and at each view the examiner strikes his mark on the part tested, so that a gun, when completed, has more than twenty such marks.

No barrels are made in England except in Birmingham and its immediate neighbourhood. The barrels are either hammered from sheet-iron into shape on a mandril, or twisted on a rotating rod: straightened, bored, ground or turned, proved, and polished. A military barrel must be bored with such "truth," that it will just receive a plug of 577 thousandths of an inch, and is condemned as useless if it will take one of 580 thousandths. The straightness of the barrel is found by a test that, as a secret, would be worth many thousand pounds, though it was sold by the discoverer for "a mess of pottage." The barrel-setter stands in front of a window, and causes the shade of its upper edge to traverse the tube, which brings all its irregularities to view as he looks through it. By Act of Parliament the strength of every barrel made in England must be proved, and certain descriptions must be twice proved, in the proof-house at Birmingham, or in that of London, be-

fore issue to the public. This is done by loading and firing them with a charge five times as heavy as they are ordinarily expected to carry. Some, as may be supposed, explode under the trial; as to the rest, they are laid aside for awhile, and then minutely examined. Should there be a flaw in them, the saltpetre in the proving powder will after a few hours discolour the outside of the barrel. If there appear, however, to be anything amiss which the saltpetre has failed to bring out, the tube is filled with water, and a ball larger than the bore hammered into it. This compresses the water so violently that if there be the slightest crack it oozes through and betrays the unsoundness. As to the stocks, they are made of beech and of walnut, the former grown in England, and used only for cheap guns; the latter imported from Italy, where one Birmingham contractor established sawmills, and in a few years converted into gun-stocks nearly 100,000 trees. The locks, pins, swivels, etc., are made in Birmingham; and, altogether, it would appear that about 600 manufacturers, and 7,000 workpeople, are employed there in the gun trade, many of the "hands" being boys, and some few of them women; the latter are occupied in barrel-boring and polishing.

From 100,000 to 150,000 of the old flint bright-barreled muskets are annually made in Birmingham for the African trade, which dispenses with modern improvements; and no ship's cargo for the West Coast is thought complete without a supply of them. The orders are received from the merchants of London and Liverpool, who barter the guns on the African Coast for ivory, spices, gold-dust, etc. It is said that many of these guns find their way to Brazil, and that the Brazilian slave-traders carry on an extensive business with some of the African kings and chiefs, by exchanging guns for men. When this traffic was legal in England, a Birmingham gun was the common price for a negro.

It may be observed, in connection with the gun manufacture, that Birmingham has long been famous for its Swords, and that it is still the chief seat of our sword manufacture. Bayonets and cutlasses are made there, and all other military equipments.

JEWELLERY.

Jewellery is another Birmingham staple, and the trade, like the brass trade, seems to have been introduced and established through the peculiar skill of the people in metal work. Birmingham is now the chief seat of the manufacture in England; for even London depends greatly thereon for its supply of jewellery for the middle-classes. In the item of rings alone, as many as 30,000 wedding rings have passed through the Birmingham Assay Office in a single year. And the progress of the trade has been marvellous during the last twenty-five years; the discovery of gold in Australia and California, and a growing habit of personal decoration—for vanity as well as superstition and love tell largely on Birmingham business—have had so great an effect on it that it now directly and indirectly employs more hands than any other in the midland capital. The term "Brummagem," sometimes given to inferior jewellery, is hardly a fair one, as articles of every variety of excellence, according to the prices allowed for them, are produced in Birmingham, while it really does much to make the beautiful and tasteful accessible to "the million." The subdivision of labour, and, yet more, the use of

machinery, have greatly helped to effect this. An article was formerly made by one man, the gold was beaten out by him to the thickness required, and hammered into the proper form, the edges were filed that they might join correctly, and it was then soldered and completed. Now, many persons are employed, and many articles of a kind produced together; the gold is rolled by steam to the proposed gauge, blanks are cut out and struck to shape on a die by the screw-press, and the several parts have then only to be put together and "finished." In the "Gilt Toy" branch, the aim is to produce good and cheap imitations of fine and costly jewellery, and the die and the press easily effect this. A locket worth from fifteen to thirty shillings in gold can be manufactured in gilt metal for a penny; and one which some time since had a considerable run, and was made with hinges and clasp in the form of a book, with good likenesses of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was sold wholesale for about a halfpenny! There are few large manufacturers of jewellery in Birmingham, but many small independent masters, employing from five to fifty hands each; the wages they give are good; indeed, the working jewellers are as well paid as any class in Birmingham. Seven or eight thousand persons are employed in the trade there; from fifteen to sixteen hundred are occupied in chainmaking,* and about five hundred of these are young women, who maintain a most respectable appearance. Many females, moreover, obtain their living by making paper and leather boxes to protect and set off the finished article. Much of the gold used in the manufacture is made from old coin, chiefly supplied by the Bank of England. The total value of gold thus expended in Birmingham is, perhaps, three-quarters of a million sterling; of silver, from £120,000 to £150,000; and of precious stones, a quarter of a million, altogether more than a million yearly.

ELECTRO-PLATE.

The Electro-Plate is closely associated with the Jewellery manufacture, and affords a very striking and clear illustration of the solid results of science. The process was discovered by Mr. G. R. Elkington, of Birmingham, or rather by Mr. John Wright, a scientific gentleman in his employ. A model or shape being immersed in a chemical solution of gold or silver, a few minutes' application of a galvanic battery separates the metal, and deposits it in a fine and complete layer on the model. This is one of the most surprising and beautiful of all manufacturing operations. It has almost wholly superseded the old way of plating, while it has given scope to the talent of a new class of artisans in designing, modelling, and chasing. We are now able to produce works by electro-plating equal in appearance to the most elaborate solid gold and silver. There are, perhaps, from 1,000 to 1,500 persons employed in this manufacture in Birmingham. It may be mentioned as a curious illustration of the power of little things, and the influence of the seasons on the trade of this town, that there are probably at least thirty families supported by the manufacture of plated nut-crackers alone, an average of more than 1,500 dozen pairs of which are annually made here, while the demand is very much affected by the nut crop, a good nut season often doubling the orders.

* 1,900 ounces of gold are made into chains weekly.

And the extreme thinness of the coating which it is possible to put upon an article may be judged from the fact that iron snuffers can be completely plated with silver for twopence-halfpenny a pair!

BUTTONS.

Birmingham is the chief seat of our Button manufacture, another leading business of the hardware capital, though not quite so flourishing a trade as it was when metal buttons were generally worn. Steel buttons, cut with facets, were made by Boulton at Soho, and sold at 140 guineas a gross! Still, as then, the metal and pearl button manufacture are its principal branches; but the linen-covered button is now an important branch also, as shown by the fact that in a recent year 63,000 yards of linen cloth and thirty-four tons of metal were used by one firm alone in this little article. The invention of a new button has been known to cost the manufacturer many months of thought and labour, and several thousand pounds, before it was fully perfected and the button itself brought out. Every possible kind of metal, from iron to gold, pure and mixed, in tons and tons weekly; every conceivable worn fabric, from canvas to satin and velvet; every natural production capable of being turned, cut, or pressed, as clay, slate, vegetable fibre and resin, wood, horn, bone, ivory, jet, pearl (and about twenty-two tons of shells are cut up weekly in Birmingham for pearl buttons, and about 2,000 pairs of hands employed in making them); every manufactured material of which the same may be said, as caoutchouc, leather (including old worn-out boots and shoes), papier-maché, glass, porcelain, etc., have entered, more or less, into the button manufacture. Buttons are made, too, from the hoofs of cattle, cut into form, and dyed, and pressed into beautiful designs. They are also largely manufactured from the corozo, or vegetable-ivory nut, imported from Central and South America, which is of a lovely milky white, and softer to the touch and lighter than ivory, and can readily be turned to any form, and dyed to any shade. There are probably now at busy moments from fifteen to sixteen tons a week of these nuts, worth to the consumer from £25 to £33 a ton, cut up into buttons in Birmingham, and about 700 hands engaged in their manufacture. Boys who are known as "Nut-crackers," are employed to break the shells, and as every little rascal who is too wild for steady work can be set to do this, the "Nutterackers" are rather a notorious class. There are several very large, and a host of small manufacturers, and about 6,000 workpeople, two-thirds of whom are women and children, employed in button-making in Birmingham.

DR. DÖLLINGER, AND THE NEW PROTEST AGAINST ROME.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLLIE, LL.D.

I.

IN order to estimate rightly the importance of the man, and of the movement, it is essential, first of all, that we glance at the change which the Church of Rome has recently undergone.

The Decree of Infallibility has accomplished a revolution both within and without that Church. Within it has changed the relation of the Head to

the members, and *without* it has altered the whole attitude of the Church to society. The new dogma places at the head of the Church of Rome an infallible irresponsible man, and into the hands of that one man it gathers all prerogatives, administrations, and

A revolution without, too, has the Infallibility decree accomplished. It has placed the Church in direct antagonism to the State. When the Pope pronounced himself infallible, the Council concurring, he bound up in that decree the infallibility of the



From a Photograph by Manz,
of Munich.]

*Yours with true feelings of
friendship J. Dollinger*

faculties. This one person absorbs and comprehends all orders of the clergy, with all their rights and functions. The Pope is the Church, and there is none besides. The councils of all ages speak through him, and the popes who have been before him still live in him. The inherent independent jurisdiction of bishops is now at an end. Their rights are mere emanations from the chair of Peter, and themselves are but satraps of the papal throne. Thus the vast, far-extending organisation of the Roman Church has been so unified that the Pope can put it in motion at any time or for any purpose he pleases.

Syllabus. What is the Syllabus? It is a string of some eighty propositions on religion, politics, and morals, every one of which is now held to be a divinely-inspired truth, and as binding on the conscience as are the doctrines of the Bible. The Syllabus makes the Pope supreme and absolute over the whole sphere of human duty. It anathematizes all constitutional monarchs and parliaments, and holds their laws and authority as void. It anathematizes all opinions in politics, in morals, in philosophy, and science, which are not consonant with Roman dogma, and pronounces them to be false. It

thus divorces the "Church" from the State, and places her at war with the whole of modern society. Her head stands apart from, independent of, and superior to all other monarchs and kingdoms.

This gives an overwhelming interest to Dr. Döllinger and the Alt-Catholic movement. We cannot but hail with pleasure the rise of an opponent to such a power, and all the more that he stands up within the Church of Rome itself. He has not come an hour too soon. We ask with no ordinary anxiety, What are the antecedents of the man? What are his opinions and motives; are they such as will bring sufficient spiritual and moral force to the movement he has inaugurated? What is the ground he has taken up; is it firm enough and broad enough to permit him to fight such a battle? What companions has he in the conflict; will their counsels aid and their spirit cheer him in his arduous task? What advance has the movement made, and in what is it likely to issue? It is a brief reply to these questions which we propose giving.

First of the man. John Joseph Ignatius von Döllinger was born at Bamberg, Bavaria, on February 28, 1799. Almost immediately after receiving priest's orders in 1822 he was nominated chaplain to his native diocese of Bamberg. In 1826 appeared his first work, the subject of which was "The Eucharist during the First Three Centuries;" and in the same year he was invited to lecture before the University of Munich on the History of the Church. The substance of these lectures was afterwards given to the world in his "Manual of the History of the Church," and later (1838 and 1843) in a more extended form in his "Treatise on the History of the Church." Politics now began to receive his attention, and in 1845 Dr. Döllinger represented the University of Munich in the Bavarian Parliament. He seems to have found this line of thought and action not incompatible with his theological and historical studies, for in 1851 he was a delegate to the Parliament of Frankfort, where he voted for the absolute separation of the Church from the State. In 1861 he delivered a course of lectures advocating the abandonment of the temporal power of the Roman See. Other treatises showed the wide range of his thinking and reading, and the fertility of his intellect—such as the "Origin of Christianity" (1835), "The Religion of Mohammed" (1838), "The Reformation—its Interior Development and Effects" (1848), "A Sketch of Luther," and various pamphlets, some of which were called forth by the discussions in the Bavarian Parliament on the question of compelling Protestant soldiers to do homage to Roman Catholic processions. The great teacher of Dr. Döllinger was Professor Möhler, of Munich, the author of "The Symbolism of the Two Churches," and which is accounted one of the ablest works on Romanism which modern times have produced.

The following particulars of the life of Dr. Döllinger, which we have received from a trustworthy German correspondent, will, we are sure, be interesting to our readers:—"Dr. Döllinger's father, Professor Ignatius Döllinger, was a celebrated physiologist, and imparted to John, his eldest son, a careful education, desiring to see him enter the same paths of natural science, especially anatomy and physiology, as he himself excelled in. His wish seemed likely to be realised, as the boy gave hopes of becoming interested in the different branches of natural history, more particularly entomology. But all along the in-

ward vocation was very different; and even then the boy knew no greater pleasure than with a large Bible in his hands to deliver, what might be called, exegetical lectures to his comrades. Accordingly we find him studying theology at Bamberg and Würzburg, and already at the age of twenty-two filling the professorial chair of Church History and Canon Law at Aschaffenburg. We then find him in the same capacity at Munich, whither the university had been removed from Landshut. Here (at Munich) he has laboured, with brief intermissions, from that time to the present, now a period of about forty years. When the well-known Möhler, author of 'Symbolics,' etc., was called to the theological faculty, Döllinger lectured for some years on Dogmatics. He was present in 1848 at the Diet of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and was also a member of the Bavarian Parliament. What especially characterises Dr. Döllinger is his study of Church History, and in his works on this subject he has by no means shown himself friendly to Protestantism. In his work, 'Luther, a Sketch,' he insinuates that this Reformer's book, 'The Popedom at Rome established by the Devil,' was written in a 'state of excitement caused by intoxicating liquors.' In his work, 'Die Kirche und die Kirchen' (The Church and the Churches), there is discernible a strong partisan spirit, though he blames the state of things in the Church at the same time. The principle on which he proceeds is that of historical research in opposition to the traditional method of scholastic rationalising treatment. Dr. Döllinger is said to be a man of immense erudition, and to be gifted with an amazingly accurate memory. The well-known J. von Görres used to relate that if he wanted to find a sentence or paragraph in a book, but which he had half-forgotten, and of which he could remember neither the title nor the author, he used to go to Dr. Döllinger, who was sure to be able to give accurate information as to every particular, besides distinctly pointing out the place in the Royal Library where the book was to be found. In Munich he has led a quiet and retired life, being known to and recognised by few. Almost his only recreation is the walk from his house to the university building and back again. Appended* as a note is a list of his works from Brock-

* Works of Dr. Döllinger up to 1863.

1836. Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte. (Manual of Church History.) 3 vols. (Two editions.) Regensburg.
1838. Ueber gemischte Ehen. (On Mixed Marriages.) (Five editions.) Regensburg.
1838. The Religion of Mohammed. Regensburg.
1843. Der Protestantismus in Baiern und die Kniebeugung. (Protestantism in Bavaria and Genuflexion.) Regensburg.
1845. Irrthum, Zweifel, und Wahrheit. (Error, Doubt, and Truth.) Regensburg.
1846. Drei Reden, gehalten auf dem Baierschen Landtag. (Three Speeches in the Bavarian Parliament.) Regensburg.
1848. Die Reformation. 3 vols. (The Reformation.) Regensburg.
1849. Die Freiheit der Kirche. (The Freedom of the Church.) Regensburg.
1851. Luther: eine Skizze. (Luther: a Sketch.) Published at Freiburg.
1852. Pflicht und Recht der Kirche gegen Verstorbene eines fremden Bekenntnisses. (Duty and Right of the Church towards the Departed Persons of other Confessions.) Published at Freiburg.
1853. Hippolytus und Kallistus. (Hippolytus and Kallistus.) Regensburg.
1854. Trauerrede auf das Hinscheiden der Königin von Baiern. (Funeral Address on the Death of the Queen of Bavaria.) Munich.
1857. Heidenthum und Judenthum. (Heathendom and Judaism.) Regensburg.
1860. Christenthum und Kirche in der Zeit der Grundlegung. (Christianism and the Church at the time of their Establishment.) Regensburg.
1861. Kirche und Kirchen, Papstthum und Kirchenstaat. (The Church and the Churches, the Popedom and the States of the Church.) Munich.
1863. Die Pabst-fabeln des Mittelalters. (The Pope-Legends of the Middle-Ages.) Munich.
1863. Die Vergangenheit und Gegenwart der Katholische. Theologie. (The past and present of Catholic Theology.) Munich.

haus's Allgemeines Bücherlexicon, Leipzig, which goes up to 1863. According to 'Friedrich's Documenta,' published at Nördlingen, 1871, Schwarzenberg proposed to Antonelli to invite Döllinger to take a part in the proceedings of the Œcumenical Council. The latter declined, alleging that he was sure the invitation would not be agreeable to Döllinger himself. It does not appear that any distinct biographical notice of Döllinger has appeared in Germany."

We now come to the movement itself. It is interesting to mark, first of all, that this movement has found its seat and centre in Germany. Twice has that country had the honour to originate a grand revolt against the worst tyranny that ever lorded it over conscience and liberty. In the sixteenth century it sent forth Luther, and now in the nineteenth it has produced Döllinger and the "Altkatholiken." Of the eighty-eight opponents of the Infallibility dogma in the Vatican Council, several came from other countries besides Germany; but in no country, save Germany, has the opposition to the dogma embodied itself in a regularly organised movement. France, Spain, Italy, have succumbed. We hear nothing even from America. Germany alone enters the lists and takes up the challenge thrown down to the manhood of the world. This shows us that the movement has, so far, its root in the character and history of the nation. The Germans were never so thoroughly subdued by Rome as the more southern nations. There is besides a sturdy independence in the German character, strengthened by three centuries of comparative freedom, still further reinforced by the intellectual training which its people have enjoyed for the period of a whole generation, which exceedingly unfits them for bowing the neck to a dogma like that of the Infallibility. The late war, issuing as it has done in the unification of Germany, has deepened this feeling, and the members of the Roman Church feel that they could not hold up their heads among their fellow-citizens and profess a belief in the personal infallibility of the Pope. They would feel as if the word "slave" were written upon their foreheads.

Not Saxon Germany, but Catholic Bavaria, is the immediate seat of this movement. This lends additional interest to its progress, and needs a little explanation. Deeply buried in the soil of the country—that is, in the traditions, memories, and sentiments of the people—have been the seeds of this movement. The Reformation was trodden out in Bohemia, Hungary, Moravia, and Bavaria three centuries ago, but not so completely trodden out as not to leave a germ in the land from which a second Reformation might spring when the times should be favourable. Numerous individuals and families in all of these countries have remained in heart attached to the Reformed doctrines, although outwardly in conformity with Rome; and when the battle of Sadowa first, and the unification of Germany next, allowed them to discover their secret predilections, they began to move towards Protestantism. And hence the movement, from its centre in Munich, is radiating over all the countries we have named, and will do so, we feel sure, more and more every day. The Altkatholic movement has sprung from a conjunction of causes, some of them, as we have said, running very far back and going very deep down, and we must take all of them into account would we correctly estimate its character, and form a probable guess at the dimensions it is likely, by-and-by, to assume. No one man, no one party, has called it into being, and

therefore we are disposed to think that no one man, and no one party, will be able to stamp their character upon it, or prevent it in the long run working its way to a disseverance from Romish doctrine and Romish communion.

Rome herself began the war. When the protesting bishops were on their way home from the Œcumenical Council, the Pope sent after them an anathema. This was the first gun fired, and it sounded from the Vatican. This put all the protesters against the Infallibility virtually outside the Church. Not only so, it put outside the Church all who might join them, or in any way express concurrence in their protest. Rome might have seen that here was the beginning of a schism—a break in her vaunted unity—which, if not healed by the oppositionists withdrawing their protest, must widen day by day, and grow at last into something formidable—a wrench, which may not indeed reform the Church, but may rend it asunder.

The bishops were too dependent upon Rome, and upon the governments of their respective countries, to head the movement, or take overt and practical measures to carry out their own protest; and since the adjournment of the Œcumenical Council—July 18th, 1870—they have remained quiet. But others came to the front. Dr. von Döllinger, the first authority in theology and history in the Church of Rome, and whose published views on the Infallibility had done so much to mould opinion in Germany, and to fortify and consolidate the opposition party in the Vatican Council, was, by unanimous consent, put into the post of leader. There soon rallied round him a numerous and powerful body. Addresses poured in upon him from almost all quarters of Germany, from municipalities, from universities, and from other public bodies, as well as private individuals, expressing sympathy with the stand he was making against the Infallibility dogma, and concurrence in his views. Thus scarce had he unfurled his standard when he found a numerous host around it, embracing many shades of opinion, and representing all classes of his countrymen, including many of great influence from their social position, or their learning. Almost the entire body of his colleagues in the University of Munich—the largest Roman Catholic university in South Germany—is with him. The municipality of Vienna even declared in his favour; and not to speak of other proofs, which show how wide the movement has already spread, not fewer than twenty thousand of his countrymen signed an address to him.

Though the chief, Dr. Döllinger does not stand alone as a leader in this movement. Other three men, of high position and great weight in Germany, have come forward to share the labours and perils of his task. Dr. Schulte, the celebrated professor of canon law in the University of Prague, and Drs. Friedrich and Huber, both of the University of Munich, have ranged themselves by the side of their renowned and venerable friend, as fellow-champions in his great fight. This will strengthen both hands and heart. Luther was not without the need of such aid, and Providence provided for him Melancthon and John of Saxony. In like manner Döllinger has his Melancthon in Friedrich and Huber, while the place of the Elector John is in some measure filled by the young King of Bavaria. The personal peculiarities and temperament of these men are not without their interest at this hour. Dr. Döllinger is old; but this,

which is certainly a drawback, is in some measure counterbalanced by the youth of Friedrich, who has the reputation of being one of the finest scholars among the young divines of Germany; while Huber is energetic, prompt, and bold, and, being a layman, is very thoroughly the man of business. These three have worked together since the meeting of the Vatican Council, and previous to it. Dr. Döllinger and Professor Huber are understood to be the joint authors of "Janus," a bolt which has fallen heavily upon the Roman Curia, while the production of "Quirinus, or Letters from Rome," a companion work to "Janus," and scarce less damaging to the papacy, is attributed to Friedrich and Lord Acton. Thus in the trio, we find combined the qualities demanded for leading in such a movement,—wisdom and experience, learning and practical sagacity, caution and boldness.

During a recent tour which we made in Germany, one object of which was to examine the Alt-Catholic movement on the spot, and to hear the opinions of leading Protestants regarding it, we often heard Dr. Döllinger spoken of as a timid man. This infirmity comes sometimes with age, but not always, and, we are disposed to think, not in this case. In passing through Munich recently we waited on Dr. Döllinger, to express respectfully yet very earnestly our sympathy with him, in his struggle to throw off a yoke which our own country and church found it no easy matter to get rid of. Though we found that we were not unknown to him, from his having read our humble writings, which cannot be in the best odour with Rome or any in her communion, yet he received us frankly. Our short interview with him left on our mind the impression that he was a very firm man, not timid, but cautious; a man who will not take a step without examining well where he is to set his foot, but having put it down, he will be in no hurry to remove it. He is not what we should have liked to find him, a broad-chested, square-headed German; he is rather small in stature, and evidently of Bavarian stock. There is a keen intelligence beaming on his face, blended with a little anxiety; his eye seems to scrutinise and sift those it comes in contact with; in short, he reminded us much of portraits we have seen of Wilberforce. We do not suppose that he has the qualities that sway popular assemblies; but with a select and learned audience, his dispassionateness, his penetrating intellect, and his full knowledge, would carry all before them.

As regards the *policy* of the leaders of this movement, Dr. Döllinger does not wish to break with the Church; he does not propose to found a new sect: on the contrary, he sedulously strives to avoid the appearance of separation. He stands upon the old faith, as defined by the Council of Trent, and summarised in the creed of Pius iv. He holds the Pope to be the innovator, and the Vatican Council to be the compiler of a new faith, and the founder of a new church. Dr. Döllinger keeps by the old historic church of the Fathers and Councils; it is the Pope that has strayed: so he puts it. Döllinger's position is, as we will afterwards show, illogical, and cannot be long maintained; but looking at it with his lights, and judging of it from his standpoint, it is practically a wise one. He doubtless foresaw that very soon the action of this Infallibility dogma would bring Rome into conflict with every department of life—with all the rights of the citizen and all the powers of the

State, and that soon the conflict would be not between himself and Rome, but between the whole of society and Rome. He therefore resolved to stand still, and let Rome attack; to do nothing tending to formal separation till Rome forced it upon him and upon the whole body of his adherents, thus bringing on a quarrel which must very soon draw the nation and government into its vortex. And as Dr. Döllinger doubtless foresaw, so has it happened.

First came the case of the soldier in one of the Rhine Provinces, who wished to marry within the forbidden degrees of relationship. In ordinary circumstances a small sum would have procured him a dispensation, but he had put his name to the Döllinger address, and the bishop refused him marriage unless he would publicly withdraw his signature. This and all similar cases, which, of course, will emerge by hundreds, raises an important question for the Bavarian Government even—shall it back the ecclesiastical tyranny that forbids marriage for a religious offence, or shall it pass a law declaring marriage a civil right? Immediately after, another and yet more important case occurred. Dr. Zenger fell ill and died. He had breathed his last without being shriven of a great offence. He had signed the paper expressing concurrence in the movement of Dr. Döllinger, and the Archbishop of Munich forbade him Christian burial. What happened? Dr. Friedrich, the young champion we have already named, administered the last rites to Dr. Zenger, and had the further courage to read the burial service over his remains. The citizens of Munich gave their imprimatur to this act of rebellion against ecclesiastical authority by turning out *en masse* to attend the funeral of Zenger, and almost the whole population of Munich followed to the grave the remains of the man over whom Rome had suspended her curse. Dr. Friedrich had been previously excommunicated, but now he was deprived of all his faculties and benefices. The quarrel every day widened, and the citizens of Bavaria began to perceive that they must either swallow the Infallibility dogma or be stripped of their civil rights. Thus the conflict passed into the civil and political sphere. It was no longer Dr. Döllinger, it was the whole body of his adherents—priests, professors, students, municipal corporations, and individuals of high social position who were struck at. Over all was suspended the sword of Rome, for all were virtually excommunicated, and might come, they knew not how soon, into direct contact with that excommunication by being deprived of baptism for their children, and marriage or Christian burial for themselves. The quarrel was still further complicated and embittered by the high-handed procedure of the Archbishop of Munich, who published the Infallibility decree in Bavaria in open violation of the law, which says that no papal bull shall be published in the country without the permission of the Government.

This brought the matter to a point where the Bavarian Government felt that it must interfere. Was it to stand by and see a large and most influential body of citizens deprived of those ecclesiastical privileges on which, by the constitution of the country, are suspended civil status and rights? Was it to see professors driven from their chairs and deprived of their emoluments, priests excommunicated and expelled their churches, and withhold its protection in the matter of their civil rights? Was it to see its own laws violated and itself bearded

by a foreign and irresponsible power, and quietly submit? This would have been to declare the priesthood supreme, and to deliver up the government of the country into the hands of Rome. The Bavarian Government felt that it could no longer stand neutral; the war had come to the very gates of the legislature, to the very foot of the throne, and it must take one side or other. It hesitated for some time, feeling the gravity of the conflict. The ministry was broken up by the question: it shrunk from the humiliation of stooping to its Ultramontane opponent, and yet was afraid to grapple with him. A new ministry was formed—and happily for the independence of Bavaria and the peaceful progress of the movement, the King and his Minister of Public Worship, Von Lutz, made their choice on the side of Dr. Döllinger, and on the 27th of August intimated by letter to the Archbishop of Munich the resolution of the Bavarian Government to defend the Protesters in their civil and political rights, despite the ecclesiastical fulminations that might be launched against them. The letter moreover declared the dogma to be an innovation dangerous to the State, and plainly hinted that the church authorities had begun to disregard the civil authority and its law, and to raise the Church above the State in secular matters, and concluded by expressing the determination of the Government to maintain its own authority by its own power, even at the risk of coming into collision in important questions of principle with the Church. This changed the aspect of the affair: it was no longer an exclusively church movement, but a war against the State and Government of Bavaria.

But the quarrel as a State quarrel cannot be confined to Bavaria. It has already extended into Austria, where Priest Anton of Linz has begun to preach against the dogma of Infallibility. His bishop has suspended him, but Anton goes on preaching to large crowds, in the open air when public halls cannot be found; and he has already awakened such interest in the question, that three thousand families in Vienna have sent in a document to the Government, declaring their disbelief of the Infallibility dogma, and praying the Austrian Government to grant the use of cathedrals and churches to Father Anton and his followers. Now that the governments have got over their vacillation and are declaring on the side of the movement, we may expect to see the priests gather more heart, and men like Alois Anton will start up here and there and begin a crusade against the tyranny of Rome, now grown more unbearable than ever. The union of the Germans in the one Germanic Empire lays a broad basis for the movement as a State quarrel, and makes it almost inevitable that Prussia should become the stronghold of the Altkatholiken. There the soil is prepared, and the priests have only to do what they are doing in Bavaria—set the law at naught, and attack the rights of citizens on ghostly pretences—to bring down upon themselves the heavy hand of the redoubtable Chancellor. It is not likely to escape the sagacious and far-seeing Bismarck that in no way can he so effectually unify and consolidate the Germanic Empire as by fostering a movement which is working in the direction of unity of faith, for of all bonds this is the most firm. In fact, he has already taken a step in this direction. He has abolished the special Bureau for the transaction of Roman Catholic affairs—a quiet but significant step, which withdraws the constitutional rights which the

Roman Catholics enjoyed as a chartered body within the empire, and places them on the same platform with other nonconforming sects, the Jews and Moravians, for instance.

This is the first phase of the Alt-Catholic movement. Already it has dug a gulf between the Roman Church and the German State. Rome pursues with her spiritual bolts all who declare against her Infallibility, and the State takes those whom she assailed under the protection of her civil sword. This is an open war between the two. The Church cannot revoke her anathema; and the State cannot surrender its right to defend its own subjects in their civil privileges, and so the breach must go on widening every day. In our next paper we will direct attention to the Programme of Principles and the line of action determined upon by the ecclesiastical leaders at their great meeting at Munich in September last.

THE HALL-DOOR KEY.

SOME years ago, when Ireland was in a more disturbed, though hardly more discontented state than it is at present, and murders, agrarian outrages, and other crimes were more common, a Mr. Scott, who resided in the western part of the county of Tipperary, was entertaining a number of friends at dinner.

Amongst the guests was one named Hunt, who had the reputation of being a man of more than ordinary courage, his claims to the character being the fact that he stood six feet two in his stockings, that he always travelled alone, and armed to the teeth, and was loud in speech as to his being ready for all comers.

His host, Scott, was a small but compact man, who was loved by "rich and poor, gentle and simple," as the Irish peasants say; he had always a joke for his acquaintances, "an' the purtiest sate on a horse ye ever seed, bless him."

After dinner the conversation turned on the state of the country, and how much worse their own county was than any other. Every one had some story to tell, but Hunt expressed it as his opinion that the scoundrels should all be shot down, and that that was the way he would treat any of them that dared even to show a sign of molesting him.

"Come, Hunt," said Scott, "tell us if it be true that you carry a small armoury in your driving seat."

"Not exactly an armoury, Scott," replied Hunt. "But I do carry a brace or two of pistols in my dog-cart. I think I should be prepared in case of necessity, and, should I be attacked, shall use them without the slightest compunction."

"Why, my dear fellow, you don't expect they will attack you?" exclaimed Scott, in pretended astonishment.

"Well, perhaps not; but it is better to be prepared for these fellows. Look at poor Waller's case; they were not satisfied with one there. The ruffians killed the whole family."

"Yes, indeed, that is true," replied Scott. "But, Hunt, though I don't make bets usually, I'll lay you fifty pounds, and Hassett shall hold the stakes, that the first man who attempts to either rob you of your money or your pistols, when you are travelling in this armed-to-the-teeth style, succeeds. What say you, is it a bet?"

"Really, my dear Scott, it is a strange wager," returned Hunt; "but I'll take it."

The money was deposited in Hasset's hands, whose eyes twinkled with merry humour.

"What are you up to?" said he to Scott, as the latter placed his stake in Hasset's hands.

"Bather shin" (never mind), replied Scott.

The subject then dropped, and the entertainment went on in real Irish style. Shortly afterwards Scott excused himself for a few moments, and had a short consultation with his head groom.

"Saddle Grapeshot," was his last order before returning to his guests, "and take him down to the fir clump."

"I wondher what the masther is up to!" said the groom to a fellow-servant.

"It's more than I know, Shann," replied the other; "but he's up to some of his jokes with Mither Hunt."

"Arrah! thin is he now?" said the groom. "Thin it's meeself that hopes he'll take the consait out av him."

The groom then proceeded to carry out his master's orders.

On rejoining his friends, Scott found that Hunt, who had a long distance to go to reach his home, was preparing for a start, and had ordered his dog-cart.

"Another tumbler of punch," said Scott, who was anxious to gain time. "Another tumbler, Hunt, and then you shall go."

"Very well, Scott," replied his friend. "But you must not forget our bet, I wonder if I shall ever have a chance of winning it."

"Never fear, I shall keep it in mind," was the answer.

Hunt's dog-cart was now reported ready, and after finishing his punch he rose to wish his friend "Good night."

Hunt left the house, and was soon heard outside looking to his pistols and other weapons of his "armoury." This done, he started in his dog-cart and drove down the rather long and dreary avenue leading from Scott's house. It was very dark, so that he could not see many yards before him.

Suddenly! he noticed a man on horseback riding towards him.

What or who could it be?—Probably the police patrol. He was, however, soon informed.

"Stop!" exclaimed the horseman, in a rich brogue, riding up to Hunt and levelling a pistol at his head. "Sthop! or I'll put daylight through yer big carcass."

Hunt pulled up all in a fluster, and began feeling for a pistol, his nervousness showing how much use it would be when he found it.

"Hullo," cried out the highwayman, "ave ye don't kape them hands ov yer's off that pistol-case, I'll blow the brains ov ye out this minnit. Come, Mither Hunt, I want any small silver or Gould ye may have, ye may kape the notes. Come, sir, git down an' hould yer horse's head whilst I takes thine; quick, Mither Hunt, the patherole 'ill be round soon; down wid ye!"

Trembling with fear, he did as he was desired, and gave up his money and his watch to the robber, while he permitted the latter to search his dog-cart for arms.

But what was the unfortunate Hunt's astonishment when he saw the thief deliberately take out

the pistols and coolly fire them off, one by one, in quick succession.

Hunt was completely dumfounded at this audacity. The fellow would alarm the neighbourhood, and very likely bring down the constabulary or military, who were at no great distance. Nor was he mistaken, for Scott's guests, hearing the rapid discharge of firearms, after calling in vain for their host, seized every imaginable weapon they could find in the hall, and rushed down the avenue, there to behold the rather extraordinary scene formed by Hunt, the robber, and their horses.

Hunt could not understand the robber's quietly remaining to be arrested, and naturally supposed he must have some assistance at hand.

But the mystery was soon solved, as the highwayman bursting into a hearty fit of laughter, exclaimed: "Hasset, my boy, hand over the cash, I've won my bet. See! I've cleaned out Hunt with this!"

So saying, Scott, for it was he, held up the *key of his hall-door*.

The burst of laughter that followed this discovery was only equalled by the chagrin of the unfortunate victim of practical joking. At first he was furious, but his courageous character had suffered so severely that his anger only caused more merriment.

"Come, come!" said Scott, "you are my prisoner and must return with me. Everything is fair in war or love, and I had a right to take my own means to win my bet."

The others joined their host in making peace, and Hunt was brought back to the house, but his reputation for bravery was gone for ever.

"Arrah! Shann, didn't the masther do it nate?" said the indoor servant, joining the groom who was making up Grapeshot after his master had returned from his night's amusement.

"An' yer right, Mick!" replied Shann. "He did it beautiful. But tell me how Hunt looks."

"As cowed as a whipped hound."

"Thin I'm glad of that same, for he's been heethoring of it long enough. It's always good to put down boasters."

NATURAL HISTORY PURSUITS IN WINTER.

THE winter season of short days and scant sunlight might seem but a sorry time for the field-naturalist—the rambling botanist, geologist, or hunter of microscopical specimens—to pursue his wonted pleasures. He has bidden, one might think, a long farewell to the woodland, the quarry, or the pond. Now that

"Days are dark and ways are mire,"

or we look through the frosted pane at the icy fringe depending 'from the eaves, he must solace himself perchance with the fireside study of Nature till the spring once more brings back the humble-bee to the fragrant catkins of the willow, and the starlings again return to their nest on the housetop. And who is there among all the heirs of early closing and the Saturday half-holiday that can better supply himself with indoor recreation than the fireside naturalist who possesses a microscope, and who has made good use of the summer months at the hedgerow, the pond, or the forest? The excursions of the summer Saturdays have yielded to him recreation for the gas-

light season, and perhaps the pleasures of collecting in the field are now to be matched or excelled in a study of the various specimens. The winter is the season for the weekly meetings of those populous and thriving societies of naturalists and microscopists that have sprung up in city and town and village during the last few years like the fungi they investigate, except that they seem to flourish in evergreen vigour. At these pleasant gatherings, mysterious "specimens" are exhibited and papers are read, perchance, upon new *microzoa*, or methods of mounting for the microscope.

But how far does Nature, in these our latitudes of deciduous vegetation, really become to us as a sealed book when the winter season is upon us? Is there nothing by the brook or the rural highway to reward the eye that is wont to look reverently for signs of life, and to recognise the great Lifegiver in the hyssop and the cedar alike—in the miniature forest on the old mossy wall and the lichen encrusting the tree that towers aloft in the air?

This subject of winter excursions for natural history pursuits has been suggested to us by the announcement, at the beginning of the winter, that a series of prizes is offered to the competition of the London field naturalists' and microscopists' clubs, and the amateur naturalists of London generally. In order to encourage field excursions on Saturday afternoons for botanical, microscopical, and geological purposes, and believing that the project would commend the Saturday half-holiday to further adoption among employers, three well-known and distinguished friends of the early closing movement, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Ducie, and the Marquis of Westminster, have come forward as prize-givers for these objects. The subjects for the competition are mosses, pond microzoa, and open geological sections, the requirements being the best collection of the mosses, the best list of the pond microzoa found in each month of the year, and the best list of open geological sections accessible to field excursionists. Let us see how far these subjects are available for winter recreation in the field.

Unlike the study of deciduous vegetation, or of entomology, our moss flora and pond microzoa are things which flourish all the year round. Look, for instance, at the mosses! It is not until the more showy vegetation of the summer has disappeared, that the mosses and hepaticæ can fairly show themselves. But here in this wintry wayside walk we see them all around us—"full of pity," as Mr. Ruskin says, "*covering the scarred ruin and the old wall with a strange and tender honour.*" Their minute flowers and urn-like capsules are elevated on long and erect stalks as fine as hair. Take out your pocket lens and look into their luscious green. "It seems the entanglement of a deep forest, with its recesses of gloom and shade." Here is an outhouse, from the red tiles of which we may lift up a thick carpet of moss full half a yard across. But we will only take enough for our immediate wants, and leave the remainder still sending up its little flowers in search of the sunlight. The study of mosses is a specially interesting one, and we shall lose many opportunities of acquaintance with them if we restrict our observation to the summer months. They supply good and wholesome recreation for a long winter's night.

Then what of our microscopic friends in those ponds in which we have so often dipped our bottle in

the summer months? What pleasures by the pond-side we have had with our cheap pocket-magnifier (furnished with three or four lenses of different powers) which did us good service before we acquired our three-guinea microscope, or had the occasional use of one that cost ten pounds. (By the way, in some of the large houses of business in London, young men have the use of a fifty-guinea microscope, bought by the firm for their use during the winter evenings.) Well, if we go to the pond in the park or the suburb, this winter Saturday afternoon, we shall find our microscopic acquaintance still there. Let us break the ice to get at the bright green vegetation that lies below. We hook up some of the water-plants, and place them in a wide-mouthed vial. With our pocket-lens we discern that beautiful polyp, *hydra viridis*. This alone will reward us for our pains. A year's experience in pond-hunting will show us that the collections obtained in the winter as against the warmer portions of the year differ rather in abundance than variety, and that representatives of the principal classes of *microzoa* can always be obtained.

One or two practical recommendations to beginners in microscopy and the study of mosses may be acceptable. For cheap elementary books, Slack's "*Marvels of Pond Life*," and Stark's "*British Mosses*," should be procured. If the student is a member of a library, he should get the committee to add to their stock those more copious works on the same subjects, the "*Micrographical Dictionary*" and Wilson's "*Bryologia Britannica*." But above all, the beginner should join a microscopical club. In such a society, every department of nature comes under review, in some form or other. The members will soon astonish the new-comer with revelations of nature's unsuspected stores. They will show him—

"That not alone in trees and flowers,
The spirit bright of beauty dwells,
That not alone in lofty bowers
The mighty hand of God is seen,

But more triumphant still in things men count as mean ;"

and the winter months, hardly less than the summer, will teach this truth to the genuine naturalist.

H. W.

Varieties.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.—The Bible or Holy Scripture, said Luther, is like a fair and spacious orchard, wherein all sorts of trees do grow, from which we may pluck divers kind of fruits; for in the Bible we have rich and precious comforts, learning, admonitions, warnings, promises, threatenings, etc. There is not a tree in this orchard on which I have not knocked, and have shaken at least a couple of apples or pears from the same.

The Holy Scripture is full of divine gifts and virtues. The books of the heathen taught nothing of faith, hope, love; nay, they knew nothing at all of the same; their books aimed only at that which was present, at that which with natural wit and understanding a human creature was able to lay hold of and comprehend; but of trust in God, of hope in the Lord, nothing was written in their books. In the Psalter and Job we may see and find how these two books do treat of and handle faith, hope, patience, prayer.

The Holy Scripture is the best and highest book of God, full of comfort in all manner of trials and temptations; for it teacheth of faith, hope, and love, far otherwise than by human reason and understanding can be comprehended. And, in times of trouble and vexations, it teacheth how these virtues should light and shine; it teacheth also that

after this poor and miserable life, there is another which is eternal and everlasting.

Whoso layeth a good foundation, and is a substantial text-man—that is, he that is well-grounded in the text—the same hath whereupon he may surely keep footing, and runneth not slightly into error. And truly the same is most necessary for a divine; for with texts and grounds of the Holy Scriptures I dazzled, astonished, and overcame all my adversaries.

Whoso is armed with the text, the same is a right pastor; and my advice and counsel is that we draw water out of the true fountain—that is, diligently to read in the Bible. He is a learned divine that is well grounded in the text; for one text or sentence out of the Bible is of far more esteem and value than many writings and glosses, which neither are strong, sound, nor armour of proof. As, when I have that text before me of St. Paul, "All the creatures of God are good, if they be received with thanksgiving." This text sheweth that what God has made is good. Now, eating, drinking, marrying, etc., are of God's making: therefore they are good. But the glosses of the Fathers are against this text; for St. Bernard, Basil, Dominic, Jerome, and other holy Fathers, have written far otherwise of the same. But I prefer the text before them all, and it is far more to be esteemed of than all their glosses. Yet, notwithstanding, in Popedom the glosses of the Fathers were of higher regard than the bright and clear text of the Bible.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

SEVEN SOCIAL WANTS OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Scott Russell, in his explanation of the new project for ameliorating the condition of the people, specifies these seven points as the most urgently requiring remedial interference. "1. The want of family homes, clean, wholesome and decent, out in pure air and sunshine. 2. The want of an organised supply of wholesome, nutritious, cheap food. 3. The want of leisure for the duties and recreations of family life, for instruction, and for social duties. 4. The want of organised local government to secure the well-being of the inhabitants of villages, towns, counties, and cities. 5. The want of systematic, organised teaching to every skilled workman of the scientific principles and most improved practice of his trade. 6. The want of public parks, buildings, and institutions for innocent, instructive, and improving recreation. 7. The want of the adequate organisation of the public service for the common good."

PROGRESS BETWEEN 1825 AND 1870.—In 1825 we weretwenty-two millions of people; we are now nearly thirty-two millions. At the former period we owed £800,000,000, and paid £30,000,000 a year as interest on the debt; we now owe only £737,000,000, and we pay for interest only £26,826,000. It is clear, therefore, that while our burden is less our capabilities of bearing it are greater. The actual increase of our wealth may be measured, first, by our trade, and then by the returns of taxation. For our trade it suffices to observe that in 1825 our imports were £37,000,000, and our exports £58,000,000, whereas they are now respectively £308,000,000 and £244,000,000. But did all this trade leave a profit? Let the following figures reply. The produce of a penny in the pound Income Tax was £867,000 in 1850; it is £1,500,000 at the present time. The House Tax yielded £727,000 in 1852; it now yields £1,129,000. Take, again, the evidence of means as shown by the scale of consumption in certain particulars. The 22,000,000 people of 1825 drank barely 9,000,000 barrels of beer in the twelve months; our 32,000,000 now living drink all but 26,000,000 barrels. In fact, according to Mr. Lowe, every man, woman, and child in the kingdom consumes nearly a barrel of beer in the year. The consumption of spirits has increased also, though, we are happy to say, in nothing like the same proportion; but whereas 6,000,000lb. of tobacco sufficed for us in 1825, as many as 41,000,000lb. are wanted now. By every kind of measure, therefore, and on every principle of calculation, the growth of our prosperity is established, and we are more able to pay up to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, from whose budget speech of last year this summary is taken.

STORY-READING MANIA.—What distinguished the literature of the present day was its universality, its cheapness, and the rage for fiction which predominated. Every magazine had two or three stories going on, and could not exist without them. The publisher of a three-halfpenny periodical would give more for the copyright of a good sensational novel than Johnson got for his Dictionary, or Gibbon for his Roman History. This was an evil which, from its very excess, would work out its own cure, and, in justice to the public taste of the day, it should also be remembered that authors of a very different class were read. Mr. Carlyle, for example—a great moral teacher, rugged,

mournful, uncompromising—was daily advancing in popularity; new editions of Macaulay and Tennyson were constantly called for; and the histories of Grote and Froude went hand in hand with the fictions of Thackeray and Dickens. There was also a revival in favour of the old masters of our literature. We lived in a period of extraordinary literary activity and inquiry. The most momentous questions of government and the most sacred mysteries of religion were exposed to "the sun and summer gale," and unsparingly scrutinised, but happily not in the sneering and scoffing spirit which tainted much of the literature of the last century. He believed in the old maxim, that truth was great, and would prevail; in general literature what we wanted was a little more solid reading—more fruit as well as flower.—*Dr. Carruthers.*

THE GRECIAN BEND.—*Apopsos* of the "Grecian bend," a Yankee poet apostrophises the "other sex of man" thus:—

"Let's have the old bend and not have the new—
Let's have the bend that our grandmother knew,
Over the wash-tub and over the churn:
That is the bend that their daughters should learn."

GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.—The ninth decennial census of the United States, recently completed, places this nation second in population and territorial area among the Christian powers of the earth, it being exceeded only by Russia in the number of its inhabitants and the space it governs. The total population is in round numbers 39,000,000. If the percentage of increase between 1850 and 1860 had been maintained, the population would have reached 41,000,000. But this could not be expected, in view of the fearful losses by our late civil war, which cost the country fully half a million of lives of young men, and for the most part of marriageable age, and which also retarded immigration to some extent. Yet, after making due allowance for those losses, the growth of population is highly gratifying. Let us compare these figures with those presented by other civilised powers, in order to obtain at a glance their relative ranks in the scale of nations:

	Population.	Sq. Miles.
Russia in Europe.....	70,000,000	2,066,000
Russia in Asia.....	8,500,000	5,748,000
Russia total.....	78,500,000	7,814,000
United States.....	39,000,000	3,500,000
France.....	39,000,000	207,000
Austria.....	36,000,000	230,000
Great Britain.....	30,000,000	123,000
German Confederation.....	29,500,000	190,000
Italy.....	26,000,000	118,000
Spain.....	18,000,000	183,000
Brazil.....	9,000,000	2,973,400
Mexico.....	8,000,000	830,000

If all the subjects, Christian and Pagan, of Great Britain, scattered over the world, were included, the number would exceed 160,000,000, and the area would reach 8,000,000 square miles. But the Christian subjects of Great Britain are less than 35,000,000 of souls, which places the number still below that of the United States. Thus, within a single lifetime, this Republic has bounded from the position of one of the feeblest to the attitude of the greatest of the free nations of the world. If the rate of progress of the last eighty years be maintained for thirty more, or to the end of this century, this Republic will tower even above Russia in population, unless that power enlarges its present enormous bounds by more conquests in Asia and Europe. We confidently believe that the United States will keep pace for the remainder of the century with the past rate of increase, and will enter the next century with a population closely approximating one hundred millions. A continued large immigration from foreign lands is, perhaps, essential to the production of this result. The opportunity of acquiring cheap lands and obtaining abundance of subsistence easily and certainly are temptations to the overcrowded population of the Old World too strong for resistance, and will send millions of their people to our shores, as they have in the past. Pressing as the demand for labour has always been, it is as urgent now as ever. And generous as the supply has been in former years, we are happy to add that the promise is now equal to any former time in volume, and superior in quality and property qualifications.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

NEW YORK EMBEZZLEMENTS.—The "New York Tribune" publishes lists of the investments in real estate and bonds of the leading members of the Ring, to show how much money New York politicians can make. In the past four years Richard B. Conolly has invested \$2,300,691; William M. Tweed, \$4,474,954; and Peter B. Sweeney, \$1,479,736, while the total transactions of the three Ringmasters have amounted to \$10,775,651.